

The Critic

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Laurence Oliphant and His New Book

A NEW Timon of Athens, if we are to take him at his own estimate, is among us in the person of Mr. Laurence Oliphant. Timon is never very complimentary to his fellow-creatures, nor do they in turn easily forgive the hand that ruthlessly lays bare their frailties and shouts them from the house-tops. Yet Mr. Oliphant has a very warm place in the hearts of many of these same fellow-creatures, and the sharp whip of criticism, which he has sometimes rather mercilessly laid upon their backs, has seldom recoiled upon his own. The reason for this, we suspect, is that Mr. Oliphant is not the hardened cynic he would have us think him; Timon's cloak does not fit him so tightly but that he can throw it to the winds when the humor is on him. Indeed, it is not always slung about his shoulders; like the assassin in the old play, he wears it only when he has some ugly work to do. To catch him at some odd moment *en déshabillé*, and listen for an hour to his easy conversation, is really a treat to be long remembered. Such an hour a member of THE CRITIC's staff enjoyed with him last week.

Mr. Oliphant's only ostensible reason for his present visit to the United States—it is his eleventh, we think he said—is to arrange for the publication of his latest work, which he calls 'Scientific Religion,' and which deals, as the sub-title of the book declares, with the higher possibilities of life and practice through the operation of the natural forces. As it has only just appeared in England, it is impossible to say anything about it here, except that it is the final expression of the author's views on life and human philosophy, and the concentrated result of a long life of thought on the most recondite questions of psychology. It is a long leap from 'The Tender Recollections of Irene McGillicuddy' to a treatise of four hundred pages on 'Scientific Religion' and the operation of the natural forces. And what a facile hand and brain are his who has made it!

It was early in the '50s that Mr. Oliphant first visited this country—a trip which resulted in the work called 'Minnesota, or the Far West,' and looking back from this visit to that, what a career has been his!—a career filled to overflowing with change and adventure, and teeming with the riches of experience. Starting in life the son of an eminent East Indian judge, with everything before him that life could offer, at almost everything has he tried his hand. Traveller, journalist, politician, diplomat, author, scientist, reformer—his hands have played over the whole gamut of human existence and experience; and where has it led him? From the life of the court and the drawing-room to the desert of the Thebaid. From the conviction that life is one vast pleasure-ground to the conclusion that it is—as at present interpreted—but a delusion and a snare. He would have you think so, at least; and if you should venture to ask how much of society he intended to see while here, he would snarl at you, 'None; I hate society and am longing for my solitudes on Carmel.' He would give you to understand, in short, though he is too much the gentleman to tell you so in plain English, that his ideas on the social question

coincide very nearly with Carlyle's, when he puts the population of the world at so many millions—'mostly fools.'

But his is a faint-hearted snarl; and by way of modifying its effect, he will tell you all about his hopes for the regeneration of the poor, foolish human race; about the handful of converts laboring harmoniously at the foot of storied Carmel, to put in practice the theories which he is publishing to the world, and to prove that there is hope for mankind even yet. Mr. Oliphant will tell you that, though he may not live to see Christ come on earth again, His reign is coming very soon now—that reign of peace on earth, good will to men, when church and creed shall be stripped naked of craft and dogma, and when the 'true ritual' shall be, as Canon Freemantle has prophesied it, 'a holy life in all its departments.' And thus, as he rambles on in his enthusiasm, he quite gives the lie to his previous utterances, and proclaims himself the kindest optimist alive.

Then again, before you know it, your genial host is regaling you with some delightful story of his days in the Orient, or some pathetic tale of the oppression of the Russian Jews; or again he is quietly leading you on camel-back to hospitable tents somewhere in the far East, or tickling your fancy with witty anecdotes of some would-be contestant whom he has worsted in argument. You begin to doubt if this be really Timon after all, when you remember that you have only his own word for it; you feel he has played a trick upon you,—that you have caught Punchinello in his motley, jeering at you behind a mask,—that you are, in fact, dealing with one of the most jovial beings you have ever met. Then you unfortunately touch him upon a tender spot,—speak, perhaps, of his attributed connection with Mme. Blavatsky. 'Blavatsky! Do I know her? Yes. Did I ever belong to her community? No,—decidedly. Do I believe in her? No.' And as he administers a final rap at the unveiling of Isis with, 'It is possible for a woman to be governed by a bad spirit and be a liar at the same time,' you see that Timon is himself again.

'How unreasonable people are in this world, anyway,' he soliloquizes, as he puffs away at a cigarette. 'Several reporters have called upon me since I have been here for the purpose of gaining some knowledge of my new work. I am only too glad always to give them any information I possess; but how absurd it is to expect me in half a column to express what I have tersely put in four hundred pages, to give them in thirty minutes what it has taken me as many years to do. I tell them it is out of the question, but they think they are equal to it. Another man asks me if I keep up with the current literature of the day. How absurd that is, also,—as if I had the time! I have too much to occupy me at my home in Syria. Another one asks me if I believe in "revealed religion." Such a question was put to me yesterday. I answered it by another, inquiring of my interrogator as to what "revealed religion" was. He hasn't answered me yet. Another man says, "You are a religious enthusiast; are you not?" Isn't that ridiculous, now? As if any man with a particle of religion in him could help being an enthusiast. What did he mean by the question?—he didn't know. And by the way, that makes me think of some of the false and senseless epithets which people have sometimes hurled at me: "free-lover," "atheist," "Onediacommunicant," "crank," "Mormon" even—I have been through it all; but it doesn't trouble me. They must hasten, however, if they have any new title to confer on me, for I am off in a few days for Brocton, and back again next month to England. The heat here is worse than in Syria. It parches one like the sirocco. I had hoped to find a possible publisher for my book here, but I begin to despair. It isn't "orthodox," you know, so one publisher fears to touch it; another prefers something lighter—for summer reading, perhaps; another finds that only "sensations" pay. We are fallen on bad times, I fear; but I have faith, you see.'

'Yes, indeed,' you think, as he presses your hand warmly in farewell, and you think over his golden dreams of a puri-

fied humanity and the Promised Land,—'yours is the faith that will remove mountains.' Then, as you review his life and work, you feel that Mr. Oliphant is an earnest man—as earnest now as in the old times when he shouldered the pick with Lake Harris in the Chautauqua brotherhood.

Reviews

Military Literature of the Civil War.*

THE first volume of the Comte de Paris's work appeared in 1875—thirteen years ago. At that time the literature of the War had not attained any of its present formidable proportions. Since then we have had the personal memoirs of Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Hancock, Johnston (J. E.), and Beauregard, and the biographies of Thomas, Lee, Johnston (A. S.), and Jackson written by their staff officers or nearest friends. We have had the Scribner's series of campaign histories, the War articles of *The Century*, and a large instalment of the Official Records, collected, arranged and admirably indexed, but in no way edited, by Government officers in Washington. At the present time twenty-nine volumes of the Government records have appeared out of an estimated total of sixty. The Comte de Paris's history has reached its fourth English and eighth French volume, bringing his narrative down to the opening of the great campaign of 1864. And the overflow of the *Century* material, for which space could not be found in the magazine during the three whole years in which these articles were running, is now being published together with the original articles in four large volumes.

As we are passing further away from the period of the War and thus getting a better perspective of it, its proportions become every year more colossal, and its fundamental and far-reaching importance in settling the great questions involved and starting us forward in a career of unparalleled prosperity in which future wars find no place, grows constantly more evident. There is every prospect that its literature will exceed in volume that of the French Revolution and First Empire, and will quite dwarf that of all European contests since that time. Discarding the official records, which though of inestimable value are food for the historian rather than digested thought, and will never be read though often consulted, it is probable that for many years the Scribner series of monographs, the Comte de Paris's history, and the *Century* articles on Battles and Leaders will hold their place, each for the purpose for which it was designed.

The design of the Comte de Paris was to write a history. He was the first seriously to undertake such a task, and he is as yet without any rival on his plane. His work appears, from the preface to this volume, now to have been brought to a halt by his supposed political responsibilities, and his separation from his materials at his French home consequent upon his banishment from France. It would hardly appear that these are insuperable difficulties, and it is earnestly to be hoped that this halt will be only temporary. His treatment of the final campaigns of 1864 and 1865 would be the most interesting portion of his work. To his task he brought many excellent qualifications. He was an educated soldier, possessed as he has shown of an impartial and discriminating mind. His short service as an Aide on McClellan's staff was sufficient to give him some practical acquaintance with America and Americans and remove his writings from the mere domain of theoretical study, while his position as a foreigner, friendly to our country as a whole but not a blind partisan of either side or any faction, gave him the neutral point of view which is so essential but so difficult to attain in contemporaneous history. His style, though injured in the English translation by a too rigid rendition of the present tense and other French idioms, is always clear and at times brilliant; and his military judgment is rarely at fault.

* 1. History of the Civil War in America. By the Comte de Paris. Published by special arrangement with the Author. Vol. IV. \$3.50. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 2. Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Vols. I and II. (Parts 1 to 16.) \$2 per vol. Edited by R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel. New York: The Century Co.

The present volume (1) deals mainly with the operations in the West during the latter half of the year 1863 and the first few months of 1864. The author clears his table, so to speak, of all miscellany bearing date prior to May 4th, 1864, when the Wilderness and Atlanta campaigns were opened. He tells us of Rosecrans's and Bragg's campaign in Tennessee, ending with the former's defeat at Chickamauga and his encasement in Chattanooga; then how the hero of Vicksburg was placed in command of everything between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi in order that there might be unity of plans and results, and how he quickly turned the gloomy defence of Chattanooga into a brilliant offensive victory, opening the gateway of Georgia, and sending a force to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. We are also told of Gillmore's and Dahlgren's operations at Charleston and the assault of Fort Wagner; and finally of the miscellaneous ill-directed operations in Louisiana and Texas, culminating in Banks's disgraceful expedition up the Red River in search of cotton. Of all these operations, only two—Chickamauga and Chattanooga—had much positive influence on the issue of the War; the rest fill a sort of interregnum between Vicksburg and Gettysburg in the last volume and the Wilderness and Atlanta in the volume yet to come. But while they are thus of less interest for the military student, they throw a sort of side-light on the conduct of the War, and recall the mistakes we made in letting military plans yield too much to supposed political necessities, forgetting or not realizing that the supreme political object of suppressing the rebellion could best—and in fact only—be secured by destroying the armed force of the South, and not by merely occupying their territory or securing their cotton. The author, as in his previous volumes, lays the chief blame of this dispersion of forces on Halleck; somewhat unjustly, perhaps, for Halleck, who had never been in battle and except for his brief experience at Corinth had passed his time in the atmosphere of Washington, was the victim, rather than the originator, of the political plans of campaigns. This volume points out all too clearly the errors in the supreme direction of military affairs in 1863. It is well that this should be done, so that we can appreciate the contrast in the next year when a great soldier was in chief command and the end of the War came in sight, and that we may also see how the correct system naturally grew out of the false one. The principal defect of this volume, apart from its harsh translation, is the lack of maps. It has only one map, which shows the theatre of operations in Tennessee and Georgia, and is without plans of the fields of Chickamauga or Chattanooga. These plans were made by the War Department, and though we have not the original French volumes before us, we feel sure that the omission is the fault of the translators and not of the author. In the first four French volumes, the maps and plans were profuse and of the highest order of execution. They were only partially reproduced in the English translation (Vols. I. and II.), and now they seem to have been almost wholly omitted.

The *Century* articles, which are now expanding into four large volumes (of which two have been issued), under the title of 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War' (2), mark an epoch in military literature, and would not have been possible except under the conditions existing in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The official records are rigidly limited to official reports and documents made during the War. In these articles on the other hand no official report is tolerated. These are the recollections, descriptions, and arguments of the actors in the strife, written long after the passions of the moment had subsided; and wherever they conflict with the official records, the correction is made in a foot-note by the editors. They are thus the last words, the final memoirs, of the participants in the great struggle, placing on record for the benefit of posterity their carefully considered impressions of the great events in which they took part. And in every case we have both sides of the story placed in juxtaposition for purposes of comparison. The

plan of the work, as now published, takes a much wider range than was contemplated in the magazine articles. These were intended to give descriptions of principal battles by the chief participants. But now every battle or campaign of any consequence is taken up in chronological order, and fully treated from both sides, so that the result is a complete popular history of the War. How much the present books have expanded from the magazine articles may be judged from the fact that out of 72 articles in the first volume only 26 have appeared in the magazine.

The illustrations are legion—maps, plans, portraits, views, sketches, battle-scenes, and fac-similes of important documents, and of parts of many of the MSS. of the articles. Among the authors in the first two volumes are Grant, McClellan, Burnside, Buell, Fremont, Pope, Rosecrans, Sigel, and Porter, from the North; and J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, D. H. Hill and Imboden from the South. It is hardly necessary to point out the historical value of these books, which supplement the official records in so interesting a manner.

It is only possible here to explain the nature and scope of these memoirs by a single example—the much-controverted battle of Shiloh. The opening article is by Gen. Grant, who describes the battle as it remains in the memory of himself, and Sherman, and the other members of the Army of the Tennessee. In a somewhat acrid article under the title of 'Shiloh Reviewed,' Gen. Buell gives the version entertained by himself and the Army of the Ohio, which is much at variance with that of Grant and the Army of the Tennessee. The Southern account is written by the son of Gen. A. S. Johnston, and this in turn is criticised and reviewed by Gen. Beauregard. Here are the personal accounts of the four principal actors. Then follow notes by Johnston's Adjutant-General and Bragg's Chief Engineer. Finally we have Gen. Lew Wallace's account of his much criticised march from Crump's Landing, and why he did not reach the field of Shiloh in time to take part in the first day's fight. And throughout the whole are the relentless foot-notes of the editors, citing the official records for and against the memory of the writers. It is certainly a great debate, carried on in the main in good temper, though by no means impersonal. And we believe it is the first instance where the opposing chiefs in great battles have related their respective stories side by side under the same covers. The same plan of historical debate runs through the entire work. Beauregard and Fry (McDowell's Adjutant-General) tell us about Bull Run, Doubleday and S. D. Lee about Fort Sumter, McClellan and J. E. Johnston about the Peninsula, Pope and Longstreet about Manassas, Longstreet and J. D. Cox about Antietam, and so on for each successive battle and campaign.

Nor is it only of battles, and marches, and military plans, that we have the memoirs. Gen. Cox recalls the impressions made upon Garfield, himself and the other members of the Ohio Legislature when the news came of the fall of Sumter, and Mr. Rhett of South Carolina describes the organization simultaneously in progress of the Confederate Government at Montgomery; Mrs. Burton Harrison writes of the home life of Virginia families at Fairfax and Richmond while their fathers, brothers, and husbands were at the front; and Mr. Goss puts on record the philosophy of the War as it appeared to the high private in the rear rank.

Altogether it forms a unique collection of memoirs, written by prominent men, upon a great subject, in a manner and upon a scale never before attempted. But for the financial, literary and pictorial resources at the command of The Century Co., they would not have been possible. And of the manner in which the task has been discharged too much in praise cannot be said. These memoirs are themselves great features of the War.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE held its 134th annual commencement at the Academy of Music on Wednesday morning.

Three "Great Writers."*

IN THE series of Great Writers, three more volumes have appeared—'Sir Walter Scott,' by Charles Duke Yonge; 'Robert Burns,' by John Stuart Blackie; and 'Oliver Goldsmith,' by Austin Dobson. It would be difficult to say in what respect this series differs radically from that on the English Men-of-Letters, edited by John Morley. Perhaps it lies mainly in the fact that Mr. Morley is well-known, while Prof. Eric S. Robertson, editor of the present series is almost unknown in this country, as he has done no special literary work of sufficient importance to command general attention. The list of contributors to the new series does not compare with that to the Men-of-Letters. Nearly every contributor to Mr. Morley's series is well-known to the reading public, for critical or original work of considerable importance. About one-half only of the contributors to the Great Writers Series are specially known, and among them are Augustine Birrell, Wm. M. Rossetti, Austin Dobson, Prof. Yonge and Prof. Blackie. In another respect there is an appreciable difference in the plan of the two series, that of the Great Writers being more distinctly biographical and less critical than the English Men-of-Letters; and yet this rule by no means holds good throughout, for some of the first are thoroughly critical, while some of the latter are almost purely biographical. On the whole, Mr. Morley's series is not of decided superiority to that of Prof. Robertson, except in the list of names of his contributors; in price it is much higher. Thus far the Great Writers Series has been of a more uniform character as to merit than the other. Some of the volumes of the Men-of-Letters are all that such books ought to be, while others fall quite below the standard of the series. Those intimate friends, Wordsworth and Coleridge, had a quite different treatment in this respect, the 'Wordsworth' being one of the best volumes of the series and the 'Coleridge' one of the poorest. The object of the Great Writers Series is to present briefly the facts about the lives of the great English authors. To a concise biography is added, or into it is woven, a much briefer critical estimate of the work done by each writer, and a consideration of his place as a contributor to English literature. Each of the volumes is superior to those in the Men-of-Letters Series, in having a carefully prepared index, and a bibliography that is fairly complete. The bibliography of Oliver Goldsmith is arranged under these heads: works; smaller collections; poetical works; prose works; dramatic works; selections; miscellaneous; reviews and essays; biography, criticism, magazine articles; and chronological list of works. The other volumes follow a similar method. The result is, that though this series is shorter as to its biographies, it affords important helps to students of literature.

The volumes in hand are among the best the series has yet contained, and are quite equal in merit to most of those in the English Men-of-Letters Series. The biography of Goldsmith is thoroughly well written, with excellent critical knowledge and that kind of sympathy which is highly important to any such work—the sympathy which fully appreciates, but does not seek to cover up faults. The critical estimate of the work done by Goldsmith is admirable—delicate, appreciative and robust. The biography of Scott is commendable for its condensation, its interesting narrative and its cordial admiration. No man ought to write about Scott who does not greatly admire him as a man and as an author—who does not recognize the greatness of his work, and the vast original impression he made on literature. In all these respects the present work is to be commended; and the author's brief critical summary of Scott's literary merits is good in every word. Our first feeling was, that some one with broader sympathies ought to have written about Burns. That feeling has not wholly passed away

* Great Writers Series. Life of Goldsmith. By Austin Dobson. Life of Sir Walter Scott. By Charles Duke Yonge. Life of Robert Burns. By John Stuart Blackie 40c. each. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

since reading Prof. Blackie's biography. It is a very good book, written with a purpose to do perfect justice to Burns; but some one a little more closely in sympathy with Burns's life would have given us a book we should have liked better. It has, we think, somewhat more of genuine and cordial sympathy than Shairp's book on Burns in the English Men-of-Letters Series; but both dwell upon Burns's errors rather more than is necessary. Having made this protest, we must say that we have read Prof. Blackie's biography with much interest, and have enjoyed every page of it. It is more genuinely a biography than the other volumes before us, and has less of the critical element; and its style and manner are such as to make it a good means of introducing Burns to those who come to him for the first time.

Korolenko's "Vagrant."*

VLADIMIR KOROLÉNKO, the author of these charming tales, is a young Russian who was born in 1853. Though only 35, his career has already been as checkered and dramatic as a wandering gypsy's. He has been arrested, imprisoned, exiled, over and over again. Since his university years the police have had him under constant surveillance; he has been 'investigated,' warned, sent to Siberia. In fine, he is a living example of the system of terrorism, of accursed thralldom, so truthfully and graphically portrayed by Mr. Kennan in *The Century*. This system is a revival of that species of mediæval torture by which a live human creature was placed under an immense stone and the life slowly, gradually, but infallibly squeezed out of him. For no reason that was apparent, Korolénko was snatched up by the Russian *sbirroes*, hustled off to distant exile, thrown into noisome dungeons, released, and incarcerated again. The perpetual jar and anguish of his life, however, have wrought out only these pathetic and beautiful stories, by which he has turned wormwood into honey, and drawn sweetness from the bitter herbs. His sad and incessant travels, his whirl on the unceasing Ixion-wheel—have made him acquainted with types quaint and poetic, atmospheres legendary and tender, characters striking and sharp-angled. In this way Russian tyranny, with all its hideous distortions of justice, has enriched the literary world with invaluable contributions; and for that at least we must thank it, while abhorring the monster with our innermost conviction. Had it produced nothing else than these touching idyls, it would have a sort of literary justification. It has thrown the intellectual life of the people in on itself; deepened it and made it introspective; sweetened and softened it; till we know not which to admire most, the mighty patience of the Russian people—its Mont Blanc-like placidity,—or the beauty of the products of this patience—the lovely gentians and ice-flowers that bloom high up on these Alpine slopes. We do not know when we have read anything more tenderly conceived, more weirdly wrought out, than the story in this collection called 'The Forest Soughs,' or the opening 'Bell-Ringer.' Korolénko has delicate talent, and he is fortunate in getting so finished a translator as Mrs. Delano to present him to the American public.

Negro Fables.†

THE author of 'Negro Myths' modestly claims, in his preface, to have done for the dialect and folk-lore of the Negroes of the Georgia coast, what Mr. Harris did so wonderfully well for the 'Legends of the Old Plantation' of Middle Georgia. It may fairly be said that Mr. Jones has made good his modest claim. The stories are not put together with the same artistic or literary skill as we find in 'Uncle Remus,' and we miss those charming interludes of the old Negro. Yet the stories of Daddy Jack and Daddy Sandy challenge favorable comparison with the brightest

and best tales of 'Uncle Remus.' In the present volume, Mr. Jones has brought together some fifty-seven Negro fables and *märchen* of very unequal value. Some of the stories do not properly belong in a collection of native Negro-lore. Such, for example, are those of 'De New Nigger and eh Massa' and 'De Single Ball.' Other stories are simply variations of familiar and time-worn themes. We may allude to 'De Two Fren and de Bear,' which is literally transcribed from Æsop, and to 'De Debbles an May Belle,' which belongs to the 'Bluebeard' class of popular tales. Again, other stories are real contributions to the comparative study of folk-lore. Thus, 'Buh Wolf, Buh Rabbit an de Tar Baby,' 'Buh Wolf and Buh Rabbit' (Nos. VIII. and XIII.), 'How Buh Cooter Fool Buh Deer,' 'Buh Rabbit, Buh Fox an de Fisherman,' and many others, are all interesting to the student of the diffusion of popular tales, all over the world. Observe that Daddy Sandy is quite a moralist in a homely way. 'De man wuh trus in ehself,' says he, 'guine fail; wile dem dat wait topper de Lord will hab perwision mek fur um.' Old Daddy Smart's advice is, that 'whenebber you farruh [father] gie you anything, tek um, and tenky [with thanks]. Eh will do you no harm, but eh will fetch good luck ter you.' Indeed, some of the morals are well-pointed, and fit to adorn a tale. 'Bad plan fuh people fuh hunt trouble wen trouble yent [did not] hunt dem.' 'Eh fine eh yent [is not] de man wid de bigges belly wuh kin eat de longes,' etc.

One of the merits of Mr. Jones's collection is the faithfulness with which he has preserved the peculiar lingo of the rice-field and the sea-island Negroes of the Georgia coast. Some of the words and turns of expression are very odd. We have syllables added, as 'bague' for beg; and letters misplaced, as 'tukrey' for turkey. We notice 'huccum' for why, or how come; 'enty' for are you not, or is it not; 'hoona' for you; 'whalin ob er,' for enormous, or severe. Again, we find such curious words as 'buckra,' meaning white man; while a 'new Nigger' is a Negro fresh from Africa. Thus it is that the reader will continually run across pleasant surprises on almost every page of 'Negro Myths.' Probably no writer, always excepting Mr. Harris, has succeeded so delightfully as Mr. Jones in catching the very color and sound of Negro-English, which is so rich and racy when mouthed by a 'new Nigger.' Finally we trust that Mr. Jones has not yet reached the bottom of his sack.

"The Story of New York."*

A SERIES of histories of the principal States of the Union has been projected by the enterprising publisher, D. Lothrop of Boston. Those who do not care to attack the more ambitious works in the list of American Commonwealths, can enjoy 'the story' of each as told by some one who knows it well. As is highly proper, the initial tale is devoted to the Empire State, and the narrative is more like a charming fireside legend told by a grandfather to eager children, than the dry and pompous chronicles commonly labelled 'history.' Having already digested the writings of the experts—historians, novelists and philosophers—who have studied and written upon New Netherlands and Colonial, Revolutionary and modern New York, Mr. Brooks proceeds to tell a good story. His pen has been well trained in writing of—and for—boys and girls, and so there are no dull pages. Against a background of historic facts, he builds the framework of a family record, and the Dutch ship-carpenter Tennis Jansen, who in 1657 came to New Netherlands to grow up with the country, lives on in his descendants until 1888. In them the reader sees the growth and fortunes of the average citizen. Two chapters are devoted to the Dutch; and Leisler's times are treated of in an original way. Mr. Brooks believes Leisler was a true man of the people; and that in this first conflict between 'the short-hairs and swallow-tails,' he was the representative of popular rights against

* The Vagrant and Other Tales. By Vladimir Korolénko. Tr. from the Russian by Mrs. Aline Delano. \$1.25. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

† Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast, Told in the Vernacular. By Charles C. Jones, Jr. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Story of New York. By Elbridge S. Brooks. \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

monopoly and the selfishness of a narrow-minded government. Indeed, we usually find that instead of copying old stereotyped errors, the author is refreshingly familiar with the latest results of research. He almost spoils the legend of Captain Kidd. He leads us through all the ups and downs of politics, of social revolutions, of war and peace, of industrial movements; never for a moment forgetting that the people who made the State are more than the State. Hence, we have a clear, full and fascinating story of the average man and human life in the commonwealth, and cannot but pronounce the work a high literary success. As to outward dress, the volume is very comely. Print, paper and binding are of the best, and bear, as their interior treasures, abundant illustrations, and (besides the text) a map and twenty-nine pages of 'the story of New York told in chronological epitome,' with a list of books treating of New York, and a good index.

Minor Notices.

'A CENTURY OF TOWN LIFE' of Charlestown, Mass., is a handsome, interesting, and conscientious work, by an author who has delighted us with his literary spoils gathered in other fields. 'The Historical Monuments of France,' and 'The Imperial Island,' are from the pen of Mr. James F. Hunnewell, who now turns chronicler of his own town. Evidently his familiarity with grand and ancient cathedrals and palaces has not spoiled him for appreciating the growth of a New England town. With long and patient investigation, he has furnished a handsome octavo of over 300 pages, and has seen to it that the story should be told to endure. As Charlestown came prominently into notice in 1775, when it was burned by the British, all the old documents being then consumed, the author begins his story at that point. Twenty-eight pages of maps and plans, and abundant quotation from records of each period treated show that the imagination has been drawn upon by the author only for perfecting his literary style, and not for the manufacture of his text. Religion, politics, and business are the three themes most written of in detail, but all that in any way belongs to the town comes under notice. The record of births, marriages and deaths covers sixty-seven pages, and is of great value to the genealogist. Most interesting of all to the literary man are the forty pages of bibliography, in which the writings of Charlestownians are noticed. A good index fitsly crowns this excellent piece of historical work—one of the best among the many good town histories of New England.

A 'LIFE of Dr. Anandabai Joshee' has been written by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall and published by Roberts Bros. Mrs. Joshee was born in Poonah, India, in 1865, and came to the United States in 1883, being the first unconverted high-caste Hindu woman to leave her country. She graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania in 1886, was appointed the same year to the post of physician in charge of the female wards of the Albert Edward Hospital, Kolhapur, but did not live to enter upon her duties, dying in Poonah in February, 1887. She was the first Hindu woman to receive the degree of medicine, and she worked very hard and zealously in acquiring it. Mrs. Dall has performed her task in a conscientious manner, though with a quite needless criticism of the woman's husband. Many of Mrs. Joshee's letters are included in this interesting volume.

MARY F. HYDE, a teacher in the Normal School at Albany, has prepared a volume of 'Practical Lessons in the Use of English' (D. C. Heath & Co.), which may be commended for its interest, clearness and careful arrangement. It is prepared in the spirit of the new methods of education, and it develops a knowledge of the simplest principles of grammar in a manner quite within the comprehension of primary pupils. It is to be warmly commended for its adaptability to the purpose for which it is designed. —IN 'CRIME AGAINST IRELAND' (D. Lothrop Co.), Mrs. Ellen Foster has summed up the evidence in regard to the relations of that country to England. She spent several weeks in Ireland last summer, going there unbiased, and, after giving a careful study to the subject, becoming a zealous advocate of home rule. She describes the Dublin Castle rule, the process of eviction, landlordism, political and industrial despotism as practised in Ireland on the part of England, coercion, and the land question, with clearness of statement, abundance of fact, and a woman's sympathy. Within the limits of one hundred and fifty pages, she has given one of the best accounts of the Irish question which has been presented to the public in any form.

THE STUDY of English literature in our public schools is of the first importance. It seems to us that nothing more important can be done for the young people of even our many district schools, than to bring them into contact with the literature of England and our own country, and to show them how to read and to appreciate the best books. An admirable help in doing this is Albert F. Blaisdell's 'First Steps with American and British Authors' (Lee & Shepard). This book can be used to advantage in all mixed and grammar schools, and even in the first year of high schools. It gives a series of classic English prose and poetry selections, with brief accounts of the authors, and such comments and questions as bring out the beauties and the merits of each. The selections are so well chosen and the methods of study so good, that the book cannot but lead to a desire to read more from the same sources. The introductory lessons on the purposes of literature, as well as the questions and the notes, are so excellent that they must be of great help to the teacher. —IN HIS 'Esoteric Christianity and Mental Therapeutics,' W. F. Evans has given a good outline and exposition of what is called mental healing (Carter & Karrick). He expounds the mind-cure idea of disease, discusses the influence of the mind on the body and of mind on mind, and shows how spiritual influence is effective in removing disease. We do not care to discuss the merits of mental healing; but those interested in the subject will find this book one of the most satisfactory which has been given to the public.

IN BOHN'S SELECT LIBRARY (Scribner & Welford) Lessing's 'Laokoön' and Schiller's 'Mary Stuart' and 'The Maid of Orleans' have recently appeared. The 'Laokoön' is edited with a brief introduction by E. C. Beasley, in which the value of the work, as well as its limitations, are briefly discussed. Both volumes are, as our readers probably know, carefully translated; and they are published in a very attractive form. The purpose of this edition is to give some of the best modern authors to the public at a very low price, and with good type and a pleasant exterior. —IN THEIR series of Classics for Home and School, Lee & Shepard have published a new edition of the delightful little volume called 'The Seven Little Sisters,' with a biographical introduction by Louisa Parsons Hopkins. Miss Andrews had a remarkable talent as a writer of instructive children's books, or books in which geographical knowledge is conveyed in story form. Many children have read her little volumes, and they ought to be read by many more. We could wish that the biographical introduction were a good deal more explicit as to dates and other facts, and much less given to sentimentalism. —AN EXCELLENT book has been produced by Wm. A. Mowry in his 'Studies in Civil Government' (Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.), which is thoroughly well adapted to use in all schools where such a book is required. Its arrangement is good, its statements are clear and concise, and it presents the information most likely to be of help to young people. The first part describes the practical workings of our government in town, city and state, while the second part analyses and expounds the Constitution of the United States.

The Magazines

The Woman's World for June opens with an excellent article, by Mrs. H. O. Barnett, called 'The Uses of a Drawing-room.' The author thinks that the dangers of the division arising from want of sympathy between the rich and the poor 'could be lessened, if not wholly averted, if the rich were to recognise it as their duty to share their pleasures with the poor.' She urges the former to invite the latter to their houses, receiving them on terms, not of patronage, but of friendly equality, with precisely the same care for the observance of small courtesies as though the guests belonged to their own class. A pleasant account is given of certain successful experiments of this kind. Mrs. Singleton ('Violet Fane') relates a few facts not generally known in reference to Prince Charles Edward Stuart; the paper is written with enthusiasm, and is illustrated with a portrait of the handsome young Pretender from a painting by L. Tocque (1748), a portrait of Flora Macdonald, and reproductions of the standard of the Prince's body-guard, captured at Culloden, and the pattern of the sprigged linen gown which he wore when disguised as Betty Burke, 'an Irish woman, reputed a good spinner.' A picture of the Prince in this disguise is the frontispiece of the number. Clementina Black tells us 'Something about Needle-Women,' setting forth 'the case of the genuine working woman, skilled more or less according to her grade.' The prize of this woman's hard life is 'twenty shillings a week at the highest for work every day and all day long. She does not complain, . . . but is it so well for women whose own lives are easy to be satisfied to have it thus?' Miss Rosa Mulholland writes of Dublin Castle. There is an instalment of George Fleming's serial, 'The Truth About Clement Ker.' Mrs. Edmonds has an interesting paper on

'Modern Greek Poets,' with many portraits. 'St. George the Chevalier,' by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, interprets the dragon-slayer as the Higher Reason, saving the Soul from Materialism. Miss E. T. Masters describes the style of gathering called 'Smocking.' The latest London and Paris fashions are given.

The opening article of *The New Princeton Review* is an essay on Balzac by John Safford Fiske, classing him as one of those 'generous and prolific geniuses distinguished rather for force than for delicacy, with whom invention is like a flood bearing on its surface things great and small, precious and ignoble.' Rubens is of the same class, and his pictures in the Louvre, representing scenes in the life of Marie de Médicis, are taken as a text by the essayist. 'Pastoral Elegies,' by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a fine critical paper, characterized by keen analysis, delicate appreciation, and beauty of expression. The pastoral elegy, originated by Bion and reaching its complete structural development in the hands of Moschus, is traced through the variations of 'Lycidas,' 'Adonais,' Arnold's 'Thyrsis,' and Swinburne's 'Ave atque Vale.' 'In hopefulness, in consolation, in exalted thought, in uplifting emotion, Shelley's poem occupies the pinnacle of achievement for this species of verse. In the "Thyrsis," . . . the elements of spirituality and hope have declined, but . . . some inward consolation yet remains, in a spirit akin to that of the best wisdom of the Greek philosophies. . . . Finally, in the "Ave atque Vale," with a structural resemblance reduced to its lowest terms, we find a remarkable return to the spirit of the laments for Adonis and Bion.' The 'Political Frankenstein' of which Eugene Schuyler writes, is Bulgaria; and the 'Episode in Central America History' treated by William Eleroy Curtis, the *coup d'état* of President Barrios. Washington Gladden discourses of 'Ethics and Economics,' declaring that 'the divorce which some have sought to procure between' these two 'is the violent and unnatural putting asunder of what God has joined together.' W. C. Brownell has a paper on 'The French Provincial Spirit.' 'Fishin' Jimmy,' by Annie Trumbull Slosson, is a touching sketch of an old fisherman who found comfort in Christianity as 'a fishin' r'liging all through.'

The May number of *The Teacher*—the fifth issue of this promising educational monthly, which is to be enlarged—has a strong and timely editorial on 'History and Civics in the Schools.' 'The first requisition in the curriculum of the public schools are those subjects which teach what ideas underlie our system of government, and upon what principles our institutions rest. . . . The subjects of civics and history have no adequate representation in the common-school courses. The first is generally omitted altogether as a department of study.' The plan for teaching the principles of civics suggested by Prof. Woodward of St. Louis, in his book, 'The Manual Training School,' is given. It is clear, comprehensive, and practical. The lectures of Dr. H. H. Belfield, Director of the Manual Training School of Chicago, are also referred to as furnishing important suggestions. Principal Wickes of the Watertown High School contributes an article on 'The Uses of the English Tongue,' emphasizing it as the duty of the teacher to familiarize each pupil with the mysteries of that 'magic tool'—to spread the knowledge of pure, wholesome, and noble English, valuable alike at home and in the street, in business, law, medicine, and debate, in the pulpit, the workshop, and the library.

The frontispiece of *The American Magazine* for June is a portrait of the younger Charles Dickens. George Edgar Montgomery contributes an account of 'Dickens on the American Stage,' with illustrations showing Irving as Jingle, Burton as Captain Cuttle, Jefferson as Caleb Plummer, and Lotta as The Marchioness. 'Granting,' says Mr. Montgomery, 'that the stage has not been just to Dickens, that the pieces built upon his novels are "disappointments," that his novels were clearly prepared outside of stage restriction, and are descriptive, rather than dramatic, the fact remains that no other novelist has been more popular or more interesting on the stage than he.' Gen. O. O. Howard considers 'Our Defenses from an Army Standpoint,' finding that 'there is need of immediate, thorough, and persistent labor' in strengthening the coast and enlarging the Navy. Rev. Henry Loomis compares 'American and German Universities,' to the advantage of the former. 'By separating the college course so sharply from the study of the professional school, and by its aim to develop that course into a larger degree of independent completeness, even when it is to be followed by the technical studies of a profession, the American college has done more to give the world a thoroughly accomplished and educated Christian gentleman than any other institution that has ever been known.' Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson carries us 'Along the Caribbean' to Barbados, and Mr. Garland's 'Boy Life on the Prairie' leads us into most pleasant places, in 'the wide meadow where the wild-oats swirl and the bluejoint bows shiningly to the passing wind.' The fresh-air flavor of these Western papers

is delightful. William Eleroy Curtis writes of 'Ecuador and her Cities.' The sanguinary 'Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite' is concluded. There is a clever, grisly little story by Elia W. Peattie, founded on an incident in the life of Charles Henri Sanson; and a pathetic sketch by Marah Ellis Ryan, of a young enthusiast who had no honor 'In his Own Country.'

'Religion and University Life' is the subject of a paper which the Rev. D. N. Beach contributes to this month's *Andover Review*, dealing with the results, so far obtained, in the experiment which Harvard University began about two years ago, when it abolished the old law of compulsory attendance at religious exercises. That such an action was fraught with the most direful risks, many persons who cried out against the innovation at the time were only too confident. That their predictions have not been verified, we gather from the hopeful paper of Mr. Beach, who says that, in matters of religious activity, Harvard never made a better showing than today, and that in point of morals there is everything to encourage the most dismal croaker. The attendance at prayers has been good—at vespers very large indeed,—and on the whole, everything wears a most favorable aspect. In fact the tenor of the article is to show that Harvard has, by its action of the past two years, at last successfully solved the difficult problem of the relation of religion in its outward form to university life. 'Our Treaties with Japan' is the title of a contribution from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Griffith; and the much-mooted question, How shall we distribute our immigrants? is discussed in an article by Prof. Edward W. Bemis which fairly bristles with statistics. The writer makes the astounding statement, that, the more he studies, the more convinced he is 'of the wisdom and perfect practicability of refusing to admit to our shores all single persons and all married men over sixteen [the italics are ours], who cannot read and write in their own language.' Other papers are from the Rev. George A. Jackson, who asks if it is time for an institute of theology, and from Mrs. C. M. Mead, on 'European Deaconesses.'

The first number of *The Universal Review* has been sent to us by the International News Co. (75 cents per copy; \$8 per year.) It is published in London, by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., with Mr. Harry Quilter as editor. The number contains the first instalment of Daudet's serial, 'One of the Forty' ('L'Immortel'); poems by Lewis Morris and Sir Edwin Arnold; and contributions from Sir Charles Dilke, the editor, Mrs. Lynn Linton ('M. Zola's Idée Mère'), and a paper on Gen. Boulanger by Mrs. Emily Crawford, the famous Paris correspondent. The magazine is profusely illustrated, and is resplendent in its startling coat of red. In keeping with its title, the editor has crossed the Channel in search of material, and has brought from France, besides the story of Boulanger, an article on 'La Musique dans Balzac' (printed in French), by Louis de Fourcaud; and from Italy, 'A Roman of Greater Rome,' a study of Martial and contemporaneous life in the city of the Cæsars, signed by A. W. Verrall. The Royal Academy is the subject which Mr. Quilter has chosen for his theme, his paper being accompanied with the most delicate illustrations, photographically executed by Guillaume Frères of Paris. The paper on which the magazine is printed is heavy and very highly finished; the margins are extravagant; the mechanical workmanship of the whole thing is exquisite in all its parts. Indeed it is almost too elegant, and produces a marked effect of dilettanteism. Perhaps the best thing in the number is Mrs. Lynton's summing up of the work and character of Zola. 'No one,' she says, 'in modern times has aimed so high as he, and no one has fallen so low. It is the difference between Lucifer, Son of the Morning, prince among archangels, and Satan ministering to his attendant demons by the shores of the fiery lake.' 'And the pity of it all!' she muses. Next to this paper, we would rank Mr. Verrall's, at the same time saying a good word for Mrs. Crawford and her airy gossip about the Parisian idol of the hour.

Francis Hastings Doyle

THE DEATH of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, is announced in London; and thus we are reminded once more that the lives of the illustrious men which began with the present century, if not already ended, are like the century itself fast growing old, and drawing to a close. Not that Sir Francis himself will ever be remembered as one of the illustrious men in the age which gave him birth; nor did his years number quite as many as the century's; yet he was a man of marked talents, and was brought into intimate acquaintance with many of the great leaders of his time. In addition to his labors at the bar and in the English customs service, he held the position of Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1867 till 1872, and, upon

a second election, from that date till five years later. Besides this, he held a Fellowship in All Souls College, was a dabbler in verse, a diarist, an essayist, a keen critic, and withal a capital judge of horseflesh; in short, like the father of John Halifax, he was a scholar and a gentleman.

But if his claim to remembrance has anything to rest upon, it will be his diaries, which, under the title of 'Reminiscences and Opinions,' were given to the world only two years ago. Unfortunately for him, however, he does not hold the secrets of his time alone, like Pepys, but must share them with a host of other chroniclers. His reminiscences cover a period of over seventy years, from 1813 to 1885, and are, as we said at the time of their publication, charming to the last degree. Whether they contain anything original or valuable enough for the uses of future generations, remains, of course, to be seen. Still, the delightful chat about his fellows—Cardinals Manning and Newman, Browning, Tennyson, Macaulay, Arnold and Carlyle,—and his ramblings about the doings and sayings of Hallam, Peel, Sydney Smith, and the rest, have amused and enlightened many of us who heard his words almost as they fell from his reminiscence lips. As a balladist, Sir Francis has caught Mr. Stedman's ear for a moment, and in a few lines in 'Victorian Poets' he receives a fair meed of praise for 'The Return of the Guards' and 'The Old Cavalier.' After all has been said, we have not very much to hang a lasting portrait upon. But in the death of the old Baronet his country has lost a bluff, honest Englishman—one of her best types of the gentlemen of the old school, and his many friends lament a genial comrade and brilliant spirit, who has rejoined the vast majority of his contemporaries.

James Freeman Clarke

A RARE and beautiful spirit has passed from earth in the death of Dr. James Freeman Clarke of Boston. How rare and beautiful this spirit really was, most of us will never know; for his long life of nearly eighty years was spent, not upon great heights, in the full blaze of noon, but rather in the shady valleys with his chosen people round him. In reviewing his career, we hear no trumpet-blast calling men together against some monstrous social evil; we see no battle-flag unfurled, inspiring its followers to heroic deeds. Dr. Clarke was not the polemic and reformer that Theodore Parker was; nor did he, like Henry Ward Beecher, sway the hot brains of a people roused to fever heat by a monstrous wrong. Nothing of all this 'storm and stress' is in his work. His are the annals of a life passed in quiet pastures and beside still waters—the story of a good man leading his fellowmen quietly to God.

When a genuine man dies, it fixes, for the time, the thoughts of his world upon him, with more concentration and energy than often happens in his life; and so it comes about, that, while his influence has always made deposits of personal force in other hearts, his going increases the sum of manhood in the world, rather than lessens it, because our thought of him stirs our own sluggish pulses, and ripens our wishes into character. Dr. Clarke was one of these genuine, dynamic men. He was dynamic by virtue of his genuineness. Truth marked him everywhere,—not only truth pure and serene, but truth panoplied. His convictions possessed him, whether they were religious, political, sociological, or whatever else. The strong, brave honesty of the man left its stamp on those who came in contact with him, partly because of the inherent force of truth, but also because it glowed with the fervor of affection and sympathy and indignation at wrong. Intellectually he was a man of breadth, rather than depth, cultivated rather than learned, reflective rather than original, genial rather than Titanic. He was not a great theologian. He was trained in a school of thought which originated in a re-action, and of necessity lacked constructiveness. He was too intelligent and too just not to perceive this himself. Yet he had not the tem-

per of a destroyer. At one time he was thought radical, but latterly, so far had the sweep of more impatient thinking carried the younger men of his school, he was one of the conservatives; denying, indeed, certain doctrines, but holding strongly to the objective facts of historic Christianity. He had a literary sense and taste, with a clear, often vivid and powerful, though not impassioned, style. Its simplicity, straightforwardness, discriminating precision, made it a good instrument; and through it he put his convictions, and himself, into causes and into people. And so it is, that, while he has left no monumental literary work, he has, by his earnest speaking and living, quickened and strengthened the moral energies of men, and wielded an influence that reaches out beyond death. The bequests he has left to literature are not many. The words he has spoken to his people have been printed from week to week as they fell from his lips; and many of his sermons have been gathered together in books. Each of them was in its way a poem; every one of his religious letters was really an essay; and their author, one of our most brilliant men-of-letters.

Perhaps the salient feature in his biography, apart from his ministry, was his youthful intimacy with Margaret Fuller. During her life she was his most ardent friend, and since her death he in turn has been her most ardent champion. The friendship between the gentle clergyman and that strange, wayward woman who became the Countess Ossoli, permanently affected his character, and to the day of his death he never faltered in his devotion to her. He used to say that it was she who had opened to him the truth of life, and so consecrated it to its noble aim. Early in his career, in conjunction with two other of Margaret's friends, Emerson and Ellery Channing, he prepared a memorial of her; and when the youthful champion had become an old man with whitened hair and seventy-five winters upon his shoulders, he rose up gallantly to refute Hawthorne's posthumous aspersions upon her memory. This memorial, with a book of travel, one or two translations, some occasional contributions to the magazines, and a few fervid and delicate hymns and poems, are all that Dr. Clarke has left us in the way of pure literature—unless we include under that head his 'Ten Great Religions.' Less than a fortnight before his death—which occurred at Jamaica Plain last Friday, after a protracted illness,—his last prayer in his people's behalf was read to the congregation gathered in the Church of the Disciples, Boston.

Dr. Clarke's chief publications were a translation of De Wette's 'Theodore' (1840), 'Campaign of 1812' (1848), 'Eleven Weeks in Europe' (1851), 'The Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness' and 'Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli' (1852), 'The Christian Doctrine of Prayer' (1854), 'The Hour which Cometh' (1864), 'Orthodoxy: its Truths and Errors' (1866), 'Steps of Belief' (1870), 'Ten Great Religions' (1871), 'Commonsense in Religion' (1873), 'Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion' (1878), 'Memorial and Biographical Sketches' (1878), 'Self-Culture' (1880), and 'The Legend of Thomas Didymus' (1881). Over 500 of his sermons have been published in the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*.

In connection with the death of the veteran Unitarian, we re-publish the beautiful lines which Dr. Holmes once wrote to celebrate his birthday:

Who is the shepherd sent to lead,
Through pastures green, the Master's sheep?
What guileless 'Israelite indeed'
The folded flock may watch and keep?

He who with manliest spirit joins
The heart of gentlest human mould,
With burning light and girded loins,
To guide the flock, or watch the fold;

True to all truth the world denies,
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin;
Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within;

Who asks no meed of earthly fame,
Who knows no earthly master's call,
Who hopes for man through guilt and shame,
Still answering, 'God is over all';

Who makes another's grief his own,
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer:
Where lives the saint, if such be known?
Speak softly,—such an one is here!

O faithful shepherd! thou hast borne
The heat and burden of the day;
Yet, o'er thee, bright with beams unshorn,
The sun still shows thine onward way.

To thee our fragrant love we bring,
In buds that April half displays,—
Sweet first-born angels of the spring,
Caught in their opening hymn of praise.

What though our faltering accents fail?
Our captives know their message well,
Our words unbreathed their lips exhale,
And sigh more love than ours can tell.

The Lounger

THE PLAYERS' CLUB has just come into possession of a curious relic—the first pair of socks worn by Lord Byron! They are a queer looking little pair, grimy with age, and so small that one immediately expresses a doubt of their authenticity. He is reassured, however, on learning that they were cut down to fit a doll. The lady who gave the socks to the Club says that they have been in her family for at least fifty years. They were brought to this country by Lord Byron's nurse or foster-mother, to whom they were given together with all his first clothes. The woman lived in Elizabeth, N. J., and gave the socks to her pastor, who was the father of the late owner of the relics. Now the Players' Club has them, and the Secretary in an informal acknowledgment of the gift expresses the wish that other people would be moved to present the Club with other such interesting objects. Rare theatrical portraits, books or relics of any kind that have a theatrical interest, will be welcome. If I had anything worth while, I could not resist the temptation to send it; for after all, while it is pleasant to own articles of historic interest, they do the greatest good to the greatest number when displayed in a place of this sort. If some people did not feel this way, it would be a bad thing for our art and other museums. Why wait till you are dead to make your contributions? If you make your little donation while you are living, you get much more satisfaction from it than if you do it posthumously.

MR. EDWARD P. ROE is to-day the most popular author in the United States. I am not myself a passionate admirer of his writings; but the fact remains that he has a greater following than any other novelist in the country. As fate will have it, there is another Roe in the field; and his publishers are hoeing him (so to speak) for all his more popular namesake is worth. This other Roe is also named Edward, but his middle name does not begin with the letter 'P.' It begins with an 'R.' This interferes a little with the hoeing; but his publishers, Messrs. Laird & Lee of Chicago, get around this difficulty by imitating the covers of Edward P. Roe's immensely popular novels, and printing the author's name in the same style as Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. print that of the original Mr. Roe, arranging the letters in such a way as to excuse a shortening of the second initial that gives it, at a glance, very much the appearance of a 'P.' Nine people out of ten, seeing the new book, 'May and June,' lying on a counter or table would mistake the 'Edward R. Roe' for 'Edward P. Roe'—and the chance of its being sold would thus be multiplied by a hundred. All we know of the Chicago Roe is that he is put down on the title-page of 'May and June' as the author of 'From the Beaten Path,' 'The Gray and the Blue,' and 'Brought to Bay'—titles instantly suggesting in style the works of the New York writer.

'AT THE only session of the International Congress of Anthropologists at which it was my privilege to be present,' 'Argus' writes to me, 'Prof. Nelson Sizer read a paper on the cranial development of the Negro and Indian races. He exhibited several typical skulls, one illustrating the long and shallow head of certain Negroes, and the other the ball-like conformation of the Chinese. The learned essayist discoursed upon several correspondences between cranial development and mental characteristics, though a wide berth appears to be given to the details of the pseudo-science of phrenology. It would have been interesting had the Professor traced the relation between the shape of what I may style the liter-

ary head and the outcome thereof. The two aforementioned skulls singularly resembled, in profile, the one still used by Mr. Gladstone and the one formerly owned by Sir Walter Scott. The front view of the Negro skull shows a narrowness which Gladstone's broad forehead belies, but his cranium has breadth and length at the cost of height. Sir Walter Scott used a small-sized hat, but no other man's head poked so far up in a hat as his. I have read a private letter in which Mr. Gladstone remarks upon the strikingly uneven development of the two sides of his head; and, if the imaginative and religious faculties are located in the upper region, the flatness of his "bump of veneration" is at variance with his strong religious nature. Enough to note that his broad and low skull, of the German rather than the French type, illustrates the solidity and strength of that type, as the high and narrow skull of Scott corresponded more nearly to the French conformation, giving brilliance and imagination.'

'THE BROAD, but also high, cranium of Poe,' my correspondent continues, 'seems to account for the singular manifestation of the constructive faculty that underlies all his work. Yet Thackeray, who also had a broad and a high skull, seems to have had that tendency in but the mildest form. Those who remember him will recall the top-heavy look of his head, its bulk increased by the tousled hang of his hair. He was a bit vain of the bigness of brain indicated by these externals, and decreed, or agreed, that it should be weighed at the fitting time. It proved, I believe, to be under the average weight,—and it was well that the owner was not present to share the general disappointment! On the other hand, when the enormous shaggy head of James Simpson, the Edinburgh doctor who blessed mankind by inventing chloroform, was opened, his brain beat all recorded weights, being, if my memory serves, 63 ozs. Be that as it may, there is much risk of blunder in gauging a character, or even its potentialities, by either the bulkiness or the outward shape of a head. I incline to think that the sloping foreheads of dark-skinned aborigines, of animals and even reptiles, hold just as much intellect as their needs require, and cuteness enough at that to do credit to the shrewdest "down-East Yankee."'

FEW of his friends and acquaintances in this country will be more surprised than I was, to hear of the death of M. Rajon, the French etcher. It seems but yesterday that I sat opposite him at table, in the French restaurant in New York where he breakfasted almost daily, at the hour I was in the habit of lunching. He was a man of a very gentle nature, diffident in society, and devoted to his art. Unfortunately he was in poor health all the time he was in America; and a part of the treatment to which he subjected himself was the drinking of an inordinate quantity of ice-water—enough to have ruined the digestion of a man in robust condition.

MME. PATTI has been on the stage so long that all the usual methods adopted for advertising musical 'stars' have been worn out in her service. Marriage with a nobleman, divorce, marriage and re-marriage to a man with another wife, jewels presented by crowned heads, jewels stolen, fabulous earnings—all these devices and many more have been worked over and over until they have ceased to attract public attention. Something must be invented, as Mme. Patti is on the eve of another farewell tour; so an ingenious manager starts the story, which is flashed over the cable, that wicked men are following the *diva* for the purpose of kidnapping her. The press of the world prints the story and comments on it. The skeptic shrugs his shoulders, and asks, What would the kidnappers do with her if they succeeded in catching her? The answer is promptly given, Hold her for a ransom! It is a thrilling story, filled with appalling possibilities, and does credit to the brain that conceived it; and it has served its purpose. My greatest quarrel with it is, that it has opened up a new advertising outlook to the average 'star'; we may now look for the head-line 'Kidnapped' in every theatrical column.

IN HIS APPRECIATIVE study of 'Matthew Arnold's Criticism' in the June *Century*, John Burroughs quotes a passage from Mr. Arnold's writings in which the eminent critic tells how he escaped from the influence—almost the thralldom—under which his mind was once held by Benjamin Franklin. The philosopher seemed to him 'the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense; but when he came upon a project for 'a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and hence less agreeable,' he was his own master again, though he still considered Franklin the greatest of Americans—with Emerson as next in rank. He says:

We all recollect the famous verse in our translation, 'Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?' Franklin makes this: 'Does your Majesty imagine that Job's conduct is the effect

of mere personal attachment and affection?' I well remember how when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief and said to myself: 'After all there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious good sense.'

The joke of the thing is, that Franklin's 'project for a new version of the Book of Job' was a political skit at George III, and by no means a serious literary proposal. An explanation of the matter was in type for publication as a foot-note to the passage in *The Century*, but was omitted by an accident. The passage strikingly illustrates Mr. Arnold's deficient sense of humor.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

PAUL RAJON, the etcher, died suddenly last Saturday at his country-house in France. He was in America only a few weeks ago. M. Rajon had many admirers in America, and his death will cause a vacancy in American as well as in French art circles. His name was first popularized among us by the exhibition of portrait-etchings held at Knoedler's on the occasion of his first visit. He enjoyed considerable reputation as a reproductive etcher; but posterity may attach more value to his heads of Nineteenth Century celebrities, and to the crayon portraits in which that much-abused medium was revealed in its true light as a thoroughly artistic vehicle of expression. M. Rajon was about fifty years of age.

The Milwaukee Art Association will hold an exhibition in September. Names of pictures to be entered must be submitted to the Secretary, Mr. Julius Goldschmidt.

The Grosvenor Gallery's illustrated catalogue for 1888, edited by Henry Blackburn (Scribner & Welford), gives a good idea of the contents of the present summer exhibition. The Meisenbach process is used to a considerable extent in the illustrations. One of the best of the reproductions of sculpture is the head of a boy swimming (bronze), by J. Otway. 'The New Moon,' by F. Baden Powell, with the crescent formed by a woman's body, is a good piece of decorative sculpture. Frank Holl's portrait of Lord Brassey, Hacker's 'Waters of Babylon' with its decorative effect of vertical lines, and Briton Rivière's 'Adonis's Farewell,' are among the most satisfactory plates. 'Academy Notes' for 1888 (same editor and publishers) has very good plates, especially in the Meisenbach process. Frank Dicksee's 'Within the Shadow of the Church,' a monk looking regretfully after a woman and child, is a nice plate. The half-length figure, 'The Soul's Awakening,' by James Sant, Davis's Scotch landscape, Frank Holl's portrait of the Prince of Wales, Cooper's 'Cattle Fording,' Calderon's half-length of a pretty girl, Seymour Lucas's 'St. Paul's: the King's Visit to Wren,' are a few out of the many interesting reproductions. It must be confessed that in popular interest of subject, the London exhibitions have the advantage over those held at New York.

Hachette & Cie. announce 'Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance,' by Eugène Müntz, the term art being comprehensive of industries. The work will abound in biographical 'monographs,' and will contain some 500 illustrations. It will fill five volumes of about 800 pages each, issued in forty-five weekly parts at fifty centimes (or one franc, when colored prints or phototypes are involved).

An exhibition of photographs and reproductions of the decorative work of P. V. Galland and his son, of Paris, was held at the Art-Students' League last Saturday evening, in connection with a lecture by E. H. Blashfield on Egyptian temples. The lecture was very interesting, being illustrated with studies and sketches made by Mr. Blashfield in Egypt.

The artists have presented a memorial to Congress, protesting against the removal of art works from the proposed free-list in the Mills tariff bill. There is everything to be said in favor of restoring art to the free list and nothing against it. But by taking it off, the revenue is maintained without offending an influential class of voters; so the artists are likely to make their unselfish appeal in vain.

The Dickens Aquarelles, first series, consisting of twelve original character-illustrations by 'Stylus' (New York: J. W. Bouton), are in the cheap vein of art which still finds favor in England but which America has outgrown. They are colored single figures of characters in 'Pickwick,' which do not differ materially from other conceptions of the same personages. The female figures have no legs at all, and the male are if anything even worse in drawing. The small designs on the cover are better than the large plates.

The ninth annual exhibition of the Rochester Art Club (May 22-June 2) consisted of 158 works, including numerous pictures by New York artists. The sales amounted to \$1245.

The First Prize Fund exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute is said to be one of the best exhibitions of native work ever held. Louis Moeller's 'Appraisalment' is spoken of as likely to gain the Ellsworth prize of \$300 for the best picture painted by an American in America. The exhibition contains three of George Inness's best landscapes—'The Valley of the Saco,' 'Summer Foliage' and 'The Bathers.' Mr. T. B. Clarke has lent a number of the best pictures in his collection.

Some of Whistler's latest etchings, very slight 'notes' and 'impressions' of Brussels and London subjects, are to be seen at Wunderlich's. They are far inferior to the Venetian subjects, and lack unity and coherence. Many of the lines are meaningless, and indicate that Mr. Whistler's art has degenerated into a mere imitation of his earlier work.

A summer exhibition at the Yandell Gallery, of 127 works lent by artists and collectors, will remain open till Aug. 25. A number of the pictures already seen at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists are included in this collection, and other of the exhibitions of the past winter have been laid under contribution to form a good showing of American pictures.

International Copyright

A PETITION to Congress for the immediate passage of the Chace-Breckinridge bill is being widely circulated by the American Copyright League and the Publishers' League. As it appears that nine of the ten Senators who vainly voted against the bill on May 9, represented Southern States, a special petition is being signed by Southern writers, for submission to Southern Representatives, lest they too should assume an attitude of antagonism to the measure when it comes up in the House. The array of Southern literary talent is quite imposing, by reason not only of its distinction but its numerical strength. Among the signatures already affixed to the petition, or which are expected to appear upon it when it is sent to Washington, are those of James Lane Allen, 'Bill Arp,' Marion Baker, Miss F. C. Baylor, Wm. Hande Browne, Mrs. F. H. Burnett, Mrs. Isa Carrington Cabell, George W. Cable, Danske Dandridge, Basil L. Gildersleeve, Henry W. Grady, Will Wallace Harney, Joel Chandler Harris, Constance Cary Harrison, James A. Harrison, Wm. H. Hayne, Lafcadio Hearn, Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick, Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, Miss Grace King, Miss M. G. McClelland, Miss Julia Magruder, Miss M. N. Murfree ('Charles Egbert Craddock'), Thomas Nelson Page, Samuel M. Peck, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Howard Pyle, Miss Amélie Rives, Harrison Robertson, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Frank R. Stockton, John B. Tabb, Mrs. M. V. Terhune ('Marion Harland'), Maurice Thompson, Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, Julie K. Wetherill, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, Robert Burns Wilson, Miss C. F. Woolson and Miss Katherine Prescott Wormley. Any Southern writer who wishes to sign the petition may address Col. R. M. Johnston, 33 West North Avenue, Baltimore, Md., and should do so without delay. It would be well, too, if those who do so should also write to their respective Representatives in Congress.

IN AN INTERVIEW in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 'Max O'Rell' is quoted as saying:

'I have been reading the views of English publishers on the Copyright Bill. They are very much mistaken concerning its prospects; the measure is bound to pass. The only things that are cheap in America are books—and oysters. Two very good things you will say—well, yes. But everybody has protection except the poor author; naturally he wants it, and means to have it. At present he has no chance against his foreign competitor, whose books are sold at 50, 25, and even 10 cents. The consequence is that the bookstalls are filled with the books of Miss Braddon, Ouida, Mrs. Oliphant, Walter Besant, Wilkie Collins, and perhaps your humble servant. There is scarcely an American author who makes money by his books.' 'What, not even Mark Twain?' 'Mark Twain is a publisher as well as author. He said to me in characteristic fashion: "It is not by writing my own works that I can make money, but by publishing other people's." In the same way, Wendell Holmes is a physician with a large practice, Cable is a lecturer, Stedman, the poet, a stockbroker, and so on, others being journal-

ists and consuls. The fortunes are made by the publishers of piratical editions, not by native authors; and until they have a Copyright Act they cannot devote their whole energies to literature.

Current Criticism

ZOLA ON NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.—He regards the novel as the chief literary expression of the age, and as perhaps the sole literary expression of the future. To-day the novel occupies all the ground; it has absorbed every form of literature. It is poetry, it is science. It is no longer a mere amusement, a recreation; it is everything that you can want—a poem, a treatise on pathology, a treatise on anatomy, a political weapon, an ethical study—I must stop, for I could fill the page. And elsewhere he writes, 'All the genius of the age seems to be concentrated in the novel, which of a surety will remain the characteristic literature of the Nineteenth Century.' So much for the present; with regard to the future M. Zola has even higher hopes. 'I do not want to suppress poetry,' he exclaims; 'but at the same time I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that it is in favor of the naturalistic novel that the evolution of the age is evidently working;' and here and there mysterious hints are thrown out of a day when poetry in its present form will no longer exist, of a great change in these matters which is already beginning to be realized. In Walt Whitman we might perhaps suspect a representative of this change, a transition link between the poetry of the past and the poetry of the future, but M. Zola descends to no such concrete illustration. Indeed, he is rather chary of expressing his opinion at all definitely on this point, and, beyond leaving a vague impression on our minds to the effect that poetry will one day be swallowed up in some mysterious manner by the scientific novel, he gives us no clue to the future. But whatever the future of poetry may be, no doubt is left as to the present of the novel. This new dignity with which the novel has been invested is nothing less than the dignity of science.—*Time*.

'LET US WRITE WHAT WE WANT TO WRITE.'—From beginning to end nothing is personal or sincere in our contemporary literature. Even Walt Whitman's revolt was a self-conscious one, and thereby lost its best virtue. The namby-pamby, the formal, the correct, the imitative were so flagrant and suffocating that in reacting against them, he lost his balance and became grotesque. Where the tyranny is intolerable, rebels can seldom avoid a little staginess. They are not to blame for it, but the tyrants. We owe a debt of gratitude to Walt Whitman, not because he rebelled in the right direction, but because he rebelled at all. He proved that the thing could be done, and there is great moral help in that. All we have to do is to take the lesson to heart, and while we emulate his courage learn wisdom from his mistakes. When I urge the propriety of abandoning our present formality, artificiality, affectation, echoing, and monkey-tricks generally, I do not advocate our doing anything less than the most ingenuous and the heartiest that is in us. Because I deprecate our paralyzing our poor brains with grammars of art and manuals of literature, it does not follow that I would recommend writing dime-novels and slop, or pandering in any respect to depraved and ignorant tastes. But let us write what we want to write—what we feel is natural for us to write—without fear or favor.—*Julian Hawthorne, in America*.

Notes

WILLIAM BLACK'S new book, 'The Adventures of a House-boat,' is announced by Harper & Bros. This makes the twenty-second work of fiction which Mr. Black has sent over to the Harper's for publication, all of them now in print, with the exception of the forgotten novel called 'Love or Marriage.' Since he first began to write for them, somewhere about 1867, his average has been one book a year. Not a bad record for industry, this!—only equalled among contemporaneous writers, perhaps, by that of Robert Louis Stevenson, who has maintained an average of one book each year since his twenty-first birthday, seventeen years ago. Mr. Stevenson, indeed, has one book to spare, for the last year of his minority, if we count his latest work, 'The Black Arrow: a Tale of the Two Roses,' which his American publishers, the Scribners, have now ready for publication, with full-page illustrations by Will H. Low and Alfred Brennan. Marion Crawford, however, has started off at a pace that promises to distance both of these rivals, when he has been as long on the road as they.

—Mr. Stevenson reached San Francisco on Friday of last week. His protracted voyage to the South Pacific in a schooner yacht will begin very soon. His post-office address for the present is Honolulu. Before leaving New York a fortnight since, he provided the editor of *Scribner's* with enough 'copy' to keep his department

going for several months. His July paper is on 'Popular Authors of the Bracebridge Hemming and Sylvanus Cobb type.'

—A book to make the most fastidious bibliophile's mouth water has found its way to the shelves of Dodd, Mead & Co.—none other than a copy of the rare 'second folio' of Shakspeare, bearing the imprint of Aspley. This copy was formerly in the possession of James Boaden, well known to Shakspearian scholars by his work on the authenticity of the Shakspeare autographs. The volume is in a marvelous state of preservation, and has a superb binding of Eighteenth Century workmanship. Another interesting volume on the same shelves, is made up of scarce prints and etchings, relative to the persons and places mentioned in the Memoirs of Thomas Brand Hollis, privately printed in 1808. This folio contains brilliant specimens of many of the most beautiful mezzotint engravings of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, including among them two remarkable portraits of the boy Milton, one of them at the age of ten, after Cipriani, and a fine head of Sir Isaac Newton. A translation of the 'Cato Major,' printed by Benjamin Franklin, is also for sale by the same firm. This was once the property of the late A. T. Stewart.

—In the Lincoln History in the July *Century*, the authors give renewed evidence of the valuable sources of unpublished information at their disposal. The diary of Col. Hay is drawn upon to elucidate the story of Lincoln and McClellan, and many interesting letters are printed for the first time. There is also an account of an extraordinary discourtesy apparently offered to the President by Gen. McClellan. In a chapter on the Mason and Slidell affair, the authors give the draft of the letter of instructions from Secretary Seward to Charles Francis Adams, showing the changes made therein by Mr. Lincoln.

—A new edition of the works of Spielhagen, in paper, is being issued by Henry Holt & Co., to meet the demand for the works of that author. 'The Lassies of Leverhouse' is the title of a new book, which the same firm announces for to-day (Saturday), by Jessie Fothergill, author of 'The First Violin.'

—'All Matter Tends to Rotation; or, The Origin of Energy' is the mouth-filling title of a new work by Leonidas Le Cenci Hamilton, which Faraday & Maxwell have ready for the public.

—Walt Whitman has been suffering from another of his old attacks of paralysis, but his vigorous constitution seems to hold out against them still. It was reported early this week that his condition was very feeble, and grave fears were expressed for his life, but his partial recovery now seems assured.

—'The Yellow Snake' is the rather attractive title of the complete novel to appear in the July number of *Lippincott's*. It is by Wm. Henry Bishop, author of 'Detmold,' 'The House of a Merchant Prince,' etc. The August number will begin the publication of the best answers by successful competitors to its 'One Hundred Prize-Questions.' A series of answers to these questions will also be begun in *American Notes and Queries* on June 23.

—The last number of the *Revue Britannique* opens with a translation of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's romance of 'Jan Vedder's Wife.' The French translation is by M. Pierre Amédée Pichot, editor of the *Revue Britannique*.

—The thirty-seventh meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Cleveland, August 15-21. The local secretary is Elroy M. Avery, 407 Superior Street.

—Detectives are reported to be busily at work, unravelling the mystery of a system of robbery which has been carried on for twenty years against one of the largest printing and publishing houses in Boston, and amounting to fully \$200,000. The investigation, it is whispered, threatens to result in the implication and arrest of some of the oldest and most trusted employees of the house. The robbery has been carried on by a ring of binders, salesmen, etc., who seized upon books, in process of printing or binding, and placed them upon the market at far lower prices than the rightful owners demanded. In some cases the conspirators seized works for which there were large demands, and before the legitimate publishers could supply the orders, filled them themselves, and pocketed the proceeds.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press the complete works of Shelley, in prose and verse, edited by Richard Herne Shepherd, in five volumes; a handy edition of the Brontë novels, uniform with the Dickens and the Thackeray; 'Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors,' translations selected by Charles Morris; 'A Popular History of Music, from St. Ambrose to Mozart,' by James E. Matthew, with illustrations; 'Embroidery and Lace,' from the French of Ernest Lefebvre, illustrated; 'An Elementary Treatise on Human Anatomy,' by Prof. Joseph Leidy; and 'Animal Life of the Sea-Shore,' with special reference to the New Jersey and Long Island coasts, by Prof. Angelo Heilprin.

—The chief committees of the new Fellowship Club are organized as follows: House Committee, E. A. Dithmar, W. B. Bininger and F. M. White; Art Committee, C. Jay Taylor, W. Lewis Fraser, Frederic Remington, Rufus Zogbaum and T. de Thulstrup; Library Committee, Franklin File, W. H. Patten, J. A. Fynes and H. E. Krehbiel.

—In writing of 'Novels and Their Critics,' in *America*, Mr. Joel Benton says:

Speaking of Weir Mitchell, brings to mind the fact that, in a late essay in *THE CRITIC*, he recommends that all criticisms should be signed, and not impersonal. This, too, has been a mooted subject. Probably each way has its advantages and defects. And *THE CRITIC* shows that unsigned criticism is by no means irresponsible, as is often urged. The responsibility for its fairness and candor, as well as for its intelligence, is simply transferred to the editor. He may be trusted to know who can speak, and on what subjects, and is capable of ascribing to the different writers their several positions. 'We venture to say,' remarks the editor, 'that the chief reason for the greater authority of *The Athenaeum's* criticisms, as compared with those of *The Academy*, lies in the fact that they are unsigned.' The 'we' of the former, as he says farther, has the weight of the editorial corps behind it, while that of the latter is the voice 'of one person, and one only.'

—Harper & Bros. announce the speedy appearance of three new books. One of these is Stepniak's last work, 'The Russian Peasantry,' another, 'The History of Nicolas Muss: an Episode of the St. Bartholomew Massacre,' translated from the French of Charles du Bois-Melly; while the third consists of a compilation of forty-six hymns set to well-known tunes, composed and adapted by Geo. Wm. Warren, as sung at St. Thomas's Church in this city for the past eighteen years. The book contains an introductory note by the late Dr. Morgan. *Harper's Weekly* will begin this month the publication of a series of articles on the West, by Mr. William Willard Howard.

—At an auction sale of books by Bangs & Co. last week, some forty copies of various editions of Izaak Walton's 'Complete Angler' were knocked down at prices ranging from \$1 to \$37. At the same time the rare and beautiful original edition (7 vols.) of Audubon's 'Birds of America' was sold at \$24.50 per volume.

—*The Evening Sun* is responsible for the following: 'Robert Browning recently refused \$1000 from a Boston publisher for a short poem. Browning grows harder and harder to understand every year.' 'For an obscure poet, Robert Browning has a greater reputation than any writer since E. P. Roe.'

—'The Capitals of Spanish America,' by William Eleroy Curtis, profusely illustrated, will be published shortly by Harper & Bros.

—*Table-Talk* of Philadelphia has got up a series of prize-questions relative to the Shakespeare-Bacon hallucination; and Mr. H. H. Furness, who has been taken into the editor's confidence, writes to him that his answers respond very fairly to his questions. He, however, goes on to say,

I cannot say that other answers equally pertinent might not also be found, so possible is it to find in Shakespeare whatever is sought for. We have his authority that the Devil can cite Scripture for his purposes, and surely, surely in these recent times we have all had proof that Shakespeare himself can be cited for any purpose, however wild, if not by the Devil at least by one whose name begins with a D.

—A very interesting and affectionate tribute to the rare qualities of heart and brain which characterized the late Michael Heilprin appeared in the *Tribune* recently over the signature of the Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn. In introducing his subject, he said:

I am aware that he was not a *Tribune* man, that his literary connection with *The Nation* was of long duration, dating back almost to its beginning, and that it was well-nigh exclusive of other journalistic work. But a mind of such commanding force and great attainments, a character of so much nobility, and a personality so interesting and engaging, are deserving of a recognition wider than the field of literary activity with which they were immediately concerned.

—The correspondence between Wagner and Liszt, translated by Dr. Francis Hueffer, is soon to be published in two volumes by Scribner & Welford. From the same publishing house, as supplementary to the Memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth, the correspondence between Her Highness and Voltaire will also appear shortly. Like the Memoirs, it will be translated and edited by the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The first edition of William Watson's 'Life in the Confederate Army,' which recounts the observations and experiences of an alien in the South during the Civil War, published by Scribner & Welford only this year, is exhausted, and a second will be put on the market in a few days. The third volume of the Irving Shakespeare will soon be forthcoming. This volume will include 'Richard III.,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'King John' and Henry IV. Two of these dramas have been edited by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams. Henry Drummond's 'Tropical Africa' has just been issued by the firm.

—Parts of the battle ode which George Parsons Lathrop will read before the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg on July 3 (the twenty-fifth anniversary of the event) will be published in *Scribner's* for July.

—The *pièce de résistance* of the July *Harper's* will be the first of two parts of a new serial story from the pen of Rider Haggard, under the title of 'Maiwa's Revenge.' It will continue the fortunes and misfortunes of Allan Quartermain on African soil; and it is said that in point of interest it will compete with Haggard's preceding works. Another paper, which will give pleasure to a different class of readers, will be the first of a series of three, by Lafcadio Hearn, called 'A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies.' There will also appear a contribution from Lieut. J. D. Kelley, on the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis. Mr. Warner will continue his 'Studies of the Great West' with an article on three Western capitals—Springfield, Columbus and Indianapolis.

—Robert Clarke & Co. have recently issued a catalogue comprising the titles of 430 works on angling, hunting, shooting and other sports.

—It is not often that a pamphlet of four pages sells for the comparatively enormous sum of 236*l*, yet this was the figure paid for the "Epistola" of Columbus, printed at Rome in 1493, of which only four copies are known to exist, says Mr. J. H. Slater, in an interesting article in *The Athenaeum*, on the book sales of 1887. In the same article is mentioned the sale of a first edition of Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' (New York, 1855), at 8*l* 10*s*; while a mutilated quarto of 'Romeo and Juliet' (1637) brought only a little over 2*l*. 'The Present State of New England' (London, 1677), which is said to contain the first map executed in America, realized 16*l* 5*s*, at the same sale where Henrich Hudson's 'Descriptio ac Delineatio Geographica Detectionis Freti' (Amsterdam, 1612), was sold for 20*l*. The 'Lucasta' of Lovelace, in two volumes (1649 and 1659), brought 26*l* 5*s*, and a perfect specimen of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns went for 66*l*. At the Mayrick sale one of the same edition, but imperfect, was knocked down for 18*l*.

—A session of the School of Philosophy (the only one this year) will be held at the Hillside Chapel, Concord, Mass., on Saturday June 16. It will consist of an Alcott memorial service.

—Of Tennyson's chief rival an exchange says:

At seventy-six, Mr. Browning does not look to be much more than forty, nor act so. He goes everywhere and sees everything. Within a few days he went to the funeral of Matthew Arnold, to the Academy, the Grosvenor, and the New, to say nothing of numberless 'At Homes.' Mr. Browning has no affectations. Unlike his friend and contemporary, Lord Tennyson, a slouch hat and long cloak in some country 'palace of art' have no charms for him. London, the city of his birth, is his favorite dwelling-place, although he will probably be buried by the side of his wife in the Florentine Cemetery.

—Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, will publish at once, if enough subscriptions are received, a Supplement by D. S. Durrie to his 'Index to American Genealogies.'

—The Failure of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to pay dividends on its common stock has seriously affected the Johns Hopkins institutions. Work on the hospital buildings has been stopped, though nearly completed; and the University will have to cut down expenses. The tuition fees for the term beginning in October have been raised, as also the extra expenses of students working in the laboratory. Heretofore the twelve fellowships have yielded the holders \$500 and free tuition, but in the future holders of fellowships will have to pay the \$125 tuition fee, as paid by the ordinary students. The eighteen honorary scholarships, awarded for uncommon merit among the matriculated undergraduate students from North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland and yielding \$250 per annum with free tuition, will be cut down to six, which will be given to students from Maryland. Should the Railroad Company pass the next dividend, it is said, the University will have to cut down the salaries of the professors.

—'Selections from Ruskin' (that is, from 'Sesame and Lilies,' 'Queen of the Air,' and the lectures on war), by Edwin Ginn, will be added to Ginn & Co.'s Classics for Children.

—Amy Levy will contribute to *The Woman's World* for July an interesting paper on the Women's Clubs of London.

—The catalogue of works published in, and upon the subject of, Volapük, by C. N. Caspar of Milwaukee, is rapidly growing. In addition to the list already printed in *THE CRITIC*, a circular has been received, containing the titles of some eighty recent works. Four of the books catalogued are in English, and six are wholly in Volapük. Another new work from the same house is announced to appear this month—'The Complete Volapük Dictionary,' by Dr. K. A. Linderfelt, based on the last editions of the dictionaries of Schleyer and Kerckhoffs.

—Wm. F. Cody, popularly known as 'Buffalo Bill,' has written a book called 'Camp-Fire Stories,' which will be published in a few days by the Historical Publishing Co. as a subscription book. It is not altogether about his own frontier experiences that Mr. Cody has written, but of those of Daniel Boone, Kit Carson and other pathfinders. The MS., which makes 700 printed pages, was dictated to a stenographer during 'Buffalo Bill's' English trip.

—'Uncle Tom's Tenement,' a novel of New York city life, by Alice Wellington Rollins, will soon be published by the W. E. Smythe Co. of Boston.

—'Mr. Crowley, of Central Park: a Historie,' is the title of a little book, which Mr. Henry S. Fuller of the *Tribune* has just written on the life and education of that most remarkable chimpanzee, with illustrations by F. S. Church and J. C. Beard.

—*The Atlantic* is about to publish 'Passe Rose,' a new story by Thomas Hardy.

—Miss Alice Louise Pond, upon whom the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Wednesday, is the first woman to receive that degree in the collegiate course at Columbia, though last year the late Miss Hankey received the degree of Bachelor of Letters. The honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard.

—Mr. E. P. Roe entertains the members of the Authors Club to-day (Saturday) in his home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

—New French versions of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'Gulliver's Travels,' by B. H. Gausseron, with innumerable colored illustrations by Poirson, are issued by Quantin of Paris, in editions costing from \$4 to \$10 per copy.

—The British Secretary of State for India has just granted 50¢ towards the publication of an edition of the Gāthās of Zoroaster (the oldest part of the 'Avesta'), prepared some years ago by Dr. L. H. Mills, the American Orientalist. The text will be accompanied by the Pahlavi, Sanskrit, and Persian commentaries, all being translated into English by Dr. Mills.

—G. Grove, in a recent number of *The Athenæum*, gives the following bit of Colridgeana—hitherto unpublished, he believes:

A lady having asked S. T. C. to write in her album, he inserted some very beautiful verses; the lady expressed her dissatisfaction at their containing no allusions to herself or her country—America. This coming to Coleridge's ears he said she was unworthy good poetry, and one evening when half asleep composed the following, to the tune of 'Lullaby':

You come from o'er the waters,
From famed Columbia's land,
And you have sons and daughters,
And money at command.
But I live in an island,
Great Britain is its name,
With money none to buy land,
The more it is the shame.
But we are all the children
Of one great God of Love,
Whose mercy, like a milldrain,
Runs over from above.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Sugar plums and cates;
Close your lids peeping eye,
Bonny baby B—s.

—'It is reported,' says the London *Standard*, 'that a wonderful collection of documents printed on papyrus has been discovered near the town of Arsinoë (central Egypt), consisting of 100,000 documents and 20,000 plates or maps. These papers are printed in eleven different languages, and treat of a great number of questions, extending over a period of 2700 years. The maps have been printed by means of wooden blocks. This discovery tends to prove that the art of printing was invented many centuries before Gutenberg.'

—An important collection of papers, bearing on the colonial history of Maryland, has recently been discovered in England, in the possession of Col. Henry Harford, a descendant of the last Lord Baltimore. It is now on its way to this country. Among the papers are many important documents of the Calvert family, extending back to the age of Elizabeth; also one in Latin, supposed to be the original Charter of the Province of Maryland, together with a complete record of the dispute with the Penns over its boundary lines and the report of Mason and Dixon on their survey. One of the most interesting of the Calvert papers is Cecil Calvert's copy of his letter tendering the first year's rent of the province—two Indian arrows,—with the receipt for the same. These papers have been lost to sight for a century and a quarter, and are now unearthed through the efforts of the Maryland Historical Society.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1355.—What Bishop of Chester wrote a poem addressed to his dead wife, containing the following lines, and where can it be found?

Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.

No. 1356.—1. Is there any work which directly or incidentally treats of the sphinx in a thorough, exhaustive manner, either historically or philosophically? I do not mean the Egyptian one especially, but the Sphinx generally, as a factor or tendency in the religious development of the early civilizations. 2. To one who has not the time to read everything, what four or six of Cooper's novels would you recommend as exhibiting the greatest aggregation of his peculiar gifts, constituting, in other words, the cream of his genius?

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

X.

[We have not been able to find that any work exists which treats of the Sphinx merely as a symbol of thought, or as a factor in early religious development. The best historical references are to be found in the writers on Egypt; Brugsch, Samuel Sharpe, Wilkinson, and John Kenrich. These writers, and Schliemann in his 'Mycenae,' give, we presume, about all that is known of the Sphinx, excepting, of course, valuable documents contained in some of the European museums. 2. 'The Spy,' 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 'Oak Openings,' 'Red Rover,' 'The Path-Finder,' and 'The Water Witch,' illustrate, perhaps as satisfactorily as any six volumes can, the versatility of Cooper's genius.]

ANSWERS

No. 1328.—There is an English Translation of the Nibelungen Lied, by Prof. Carl Lachman, collated and corrected text by Jonathan Birch, and published in Munich by Adolf Ackerman.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

E. J. M.

No. 1334.—The four lines beginning,

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,

form one of seven stanzas entitled 'I shall be satisfied.' They are found in 'Hymns of the Ages,' Vol. 1., and in other sacred anthologies. They always appear anonymously, and though they have been attributed to Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and certainly resemble some of her verses, I think she has never owned the authorship.

OAKLAND, CAL.

K. B. F.

No. 1342.—1. It is from Robert Buchanan's 'Poet Andrew,' which is said to commemorate the brief sad life of David Gray.

NEW YORK.

M. A. N.

No. 1354.—2. The lines are from Whittier's 'Memories.'

BALDWINVILLE, N. Y.

W. M. B.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Allen, Willis B. Kelp. \$1.....	D. Lothrop Co.
Bishop, W. H. The Brown Stone Boy.....	Cassell & Co.
Blackburn, H. Academy Notes, 1888.....	Scribner & Welford.
Blackburn, H. Grosvenor Gallery Catalogue, 1888.....	Scribner & Welford.
Carlyle, Thos. Essays on Goethe. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Corbett, Julian. For God and Gold. 50c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Dewey, John. Leibnitz's New Essays. \$1.25.....	Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
Dippold, G. T. The Ring of the Nibelung. \$1.50.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Dod, S. B. Stubble or Wheat. \$1.25.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Drummond, H. Tropical Africa.....	Scribner & Welford.
Ely, R. T. Taxation in American States and Cities. \$1.75.....	Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Ellis, E. S. Star of India. 50c.....	Frank A. Munsey.
Fisher, G. P. Manual of Christian Evidences. 75c.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Gannett, W. C., and Jones, J. L. The Faith that Makes Faithful. 50c.....	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Hill, David J. Social Influence of Christianity. \$1.25.....	Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.
Hillingdon Hall.....	London: J. C. Nimmo.
Holden, E. S. Handbook of the Lick Observatory.....	San Francisco: Bancroft Co.
Marston, P. B. Song-Tide. Ed. by W. Sharp. 40c.....	Thos. Whitaker.
Oswald, Felix L. The Bible of Nature.....	Truth Seeker Co.
Savage, M. J., and others. Show us the Father. \$1.....	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Society Rapids. 75c.....	Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Taylor, Edw. Is Protection a Benefit? \$1.....	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Tolstol, L. Power and Liberty. 75c.....	Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Uibach, L. The Steel Hammer. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Van Dyke, J. C. How to Judge of a Picture. 75c.....	Chautauqua Press.
Warring, C. B. Genesis I. and its Critics, etc.....	Stettiner, Lambert & Co.
Waters, N. R. Rome or Reason. \$1.75.....	C. P. Somerby.
Williams, W. Composition and Rhetoric.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Woodgate, W. B. Boating.....	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.